oin' to fight fer Happy now." Joe looked deeply troubled, "Never ind," he said crossly and with visible nbarrassment. "You think you could of make more at the Beach if you n It on my plan?"

"I'm game to try," said Sheehan "I'm too old to hold 'em down it there the way I yoosta could, and m sick of it-sick of it into the very nes of me." He wiped his forehead, Where's Claudine?"

"Held as a witness."

earded man emphatically, "Women say no more." that kind are so light headed it's a onder they don't float. Think of her ckin' up Cory's gun from the floor to break any promises." and hillin' it in her clothes! Took it! forced him to stick it back in his locket vesterday. He was a wanlever, too, and ye'll have to send a een one to trace him, I'm thinkin', to ind out where he got it so's ye can

"I'm going myself. I've found out hat be came here from Denver." "And from where before that?"

rip, but ye're all the little man has to epend on. Did ye notice the Tocsin idn't even give him the credit for giv-' himself up?" "Yes," said Joe. "It's part of their

"Did it strike ye now," Mr sked enruestly, leaning forward in

indow. "I've thought that over, and seemed possible that I might do Happy more good by giving his case to

"No. sir," exclaimed the proprietor ill farther forward, "I want to know it struck we that this morning the Coesin attacked we in a way that was meliow villenter than ever before." "Yes," replied Joe, "because it was imed to strike where it would most

"It ain't only that," said the other excitedly-"it ain't only that! I want e to listen. Now, see here, the Toesin is Pike, and the town is Pike-I mean he town ye naturally belonged to.

"In a way!" echoed the other scorn fully. "Ye know it is! Even as a boy Pike disliked ye and hated the kind of boy ye was. Ye wasn't respectable, and he was. Ye wasn't rich, and he was. Ye had a grin on yer face when Ye've had one part of Canaan with ye from the start-my part, that is-but the other's against ye. That part's Pike, and it's the rulin' part"-"Yes, Mike," said Joe wearily.

the spirit of things. I know."

"No, sir," cried the other. "That's the trouble; ye don't know. There's more in Canana than ye've understood. Listen to this: Why was the Tocsin's attack harder this morning than ever before? On yer soul didn't it sound so bitter that it sounded desprit? Now, why? It looked to me as if it had started to ruln ye, this time for good and all! Why? What have ye had to do with Martin Pike lately? Has the old wolf got to injure ye?" Mr. Sheehan's voice rose and his eyes gleamed under bushy brows. "Think," he finished. "What's happened lately to make him bite so hard?"

There were some faded roses on the desk, and as Joe's haggard eyes fell "What upon them the answer came. makes you think Judge Pike isn't trustworthy?" he had asked Ariel, and her reply had been, "Nothing very definite, unless it was his look when I told him that I meant to ask you to take charge of things for me."

He got slowly and amazedly to his feet. "You've got it!" he said.

"Ye see?" cried Mike Sheehan, slapping his thigh with a big hand. "On my soul I have the penetration! Ye don't need to tell me one thing except this; I told ye I'd lend ye somewhere. Haven't I kept me word?" "Yes," said Joe.

"But I have the penetration!" exclaimed Mr. Sheehan. "Should I miss my guess if I said that ye think Pike may be seared ye'll stumble on his track in some queer performances? Should I miss it?"

"No," said Joe, "you wouldn't miss

át." "Just one thing more." The red bearded man rose, mopping the inner band of his straw hat. "In the matter of yer running fer mayor, now"-

Joe, who had begun to pace up and Gown the room, made an impatient gesture. "Pshaw!" he interrupted, but his friend stopped him with a hand laid on

"Don't be treatin' it as clean out of all possibility, Joe Louden. If ye do, it shows ye haven't sense to know that nobody can say what way the wind's blowin' week after next. All the boys want ye; Louie Farbach wants ye, and Louie has a big say. Who is it that

doesn't want ye?" "Canaan," said Joe. "Hold up! It's Pike's Canaan ye mean. If ye git the nomination ye'd

be elected, wouldn't ye?" "I couldn't be nominated." "I ain't claimin' ye'd git Martin

possible. Ye've got to beat him, that's there may be ways to do it, and if he tempts me enough I may fergit my troth and honor as a noble gentleman and help ye with a word ye'd never guess verself." "You've hinted at such mysteries be

fore, Mike," Joe smiled. "I'd be glad to know what you mean if there's anything in them." "It may come to that," said the other, with some embarrassment. "It may come to that some day if the old wolf presses me too hard in the matter o'

tryin' to git the little man across the street hanged by the neck and yerself "I'm not sorry fer her?" said the red mobbed fer helpin' him. But today I'll

"Very well, Mike." Joe turned wearily to his desk. "I don't want you

Mr. Sheehan had gone to the door, er granted it was Happy's and but he paused on the threshold and nought she'd help him by hidin' it! wined his forehead again, "And I There's a hard point fer ye. Joe-to don't want to break any," he said, "but rove the gun belonged to Cory, if ever the time should come when I There's nobody about here could couldn't help it"-he lowered his veice year to it. I couldn't myself, though to a boarse, but piercing, whisper-"that will be the devourin' angel's day fer Martin Pike"

T was a morning of the warmest week of mid-July, and Canaan lay mert and helpless beneath a broiling sun. The few people who moved about the streets went languidly, keeping close to the wall on the shady side: the women in thin white inbries: the men, often coatless, carry ing palm leaf fans and replacing colars with handkerchiefs. In the courtlouse yard the maple leaves, gray with down dust and grown to great breadth. brooped heavily, depressing the long, motionless branches with their weight, so low that the four or five shabby diers upon the benches beneath now and then flicked them sleeplly with whittled sprigs.

The doors and windows of the store tood open, displaying Hup wares of hanging over dim counters as far as possible from the glure in front, gosuping fragmentarily, usually about the ory neurder and anon upon a subject suggested by the sight of an occasional pedestrian passing perspiring by with serooged cyclids and purpling skin, From street and sidewalk transparent not waves swam up and danced themselves into nothing, while from the river bank a half mile away came a sound hotter than even the locust's midsummer rasp, the drone of a plan-

ing days could not have kept one of the sages from attending the conclave now, for the battle was on in Canana and here upon the National House corner, under the shadow of the west wall, it waxed even keener. Perhaps we may find full justification for calling what was happening a battle in so far as we restrict the figure to apply to this one spot. Elsewhere in the Canaan of the Tocsin the conflict was too one sided. The Tocsin had indeed tried the case of Happy Fear in advance, had convicted and condemned and every day grew more bitter. Nor was the urgent vigor of its attack with-

out effect. Sleepy as Main street seemed in the heat, the town was incensed and rousye'd meet him on the street." The red ed to a tensity of feeling it had not bearded man broke off at a gasture known since the civil war, when, on from Joe and exclaimed sharply: "Don't occasion, it had set out to hang half a Ye wasn't impudent, but ye looked at Joe had been hissed on the street him as if ye saw through him. Now many times since the inimical clerk listen and I'll lead ye somewhere. Ye had whistled at him. Probably demfun with riffraff. Now, I ask ye this: onstrations of that sort would have continued had be remained in Canana. but for almost a month he had been absent and his office closed, its threshold gray with dust. There were people who believed that he had run away again, this time never to return. among those who held to this opinion being Mrs. Louden and her sister, Joe's step-nunt. Upon only one point was everybody agreed-that twelve men could not be found in the county who could be so far persuaded and befuddied by Louden that they would dare allow Happy Fear to escape. The women of Canana, incensed by the terrible circumstances of the case, as the Toesin colored it-a man shot down in the act of begging his enemy's forgiveness-clamored as loudly as the There was only the difference that the latter vociferated for the hanging of Happy; their good ladies

used the word "punishment." And yet, while the place rang with condemnation of the little man in the jail and his attorney, there were voices here and there uplifted on the other side. People existed, it astonishingly appeared, who liked Happy Fear These were for the greater part obscure and even darkling in their lives. yet quite demonstrably human beings. able to smile, suffer, leap, run and to entertain fancies; even to have, ac cording to their degree, a certain rudimentary sense of right and wrong, in spite of which they strongly favored the prisoner's acquittal. Precisely on that account, it was argued, an acquittal would outrage Canaan and lay it open to untold danger. Such people needed a lesson.

The Tocsin interviewed the town's great ones, printing their opinions of the helnousness of the crime and the

character of the defendant's lawyer. "The Hon. P. J. Parrott, who so ably represented this county in the legisla ture some fourteen years ago, could scarcely restrain himself when approached by a reporter as to his sentiments anent the repulsive deed. 'I should like to know how long Canaan is going to put up with this sort of denly, like a "sen change." His face business,' were his words. 'I am a law abiding citizen, and I have served filed thinner. He creaked louder when faithfully and with my full endeavor and ability to enact the laws and statutes of my state, but there is a point in my patience, I would state, and such things go. After eighty there which lawbreakers and their lawyers may not safely pass. Of what use are our most solemn enactments, I may even ask of what use is the legislature itself, chosen by the will of the people, If they are to ruthlessly be set aside by criminals and their shifty protectors? The blame should be put upon the lawyers who by tricks enable such rascals to escape the rigors of the carefully enacted laws, the fruits of the solon's

labor, more than upon the criminals

all. Ye've got to do to him what he's people of this county will be sorely

The Tocsin did not print the interview it obtained from Louie Farbachthe same Louie Farbach who long ago had owned a beer saloon with a little room behind the bar, where a shabby boy sometimes played dominoes and seven up with loafers; not quite the Teutonic and sure, and he contributed one-twentieth of his income to the Gerty, while the tithe gave the county to his party.

at the reporter when the latter put his | maculate, ready for tenancy,

"Hef you any aguaintunce off Mitster Fear?" he inquired in return, with ne expression decipherable either upon his Gargantuan face or in his heavily enfolded eyes.

"No. sir." replied the reporter, grinning. "I never ran across him."

"Dot iss a goot t'ing fer you," said Mr. Farbach stonily. "He iss not a man poebles bedder try to run across. It iss what Gory tried. Now Gory iss dead."

The reporter, slightly puzzled, lit a cigarette. "See here, Mr. Farbach," he urged, "I only want a word or two about this thing, and you might give me a brief expression concerning that man Louden besides, just a hint of what you think of his influence here, you know, and of the kind of sharp work he practices. Something like

"I see," said the brewer slowly. "Happy Fear I hef knowt for a goot many years. He iss a goot frient of mine. "What?"

"Choe Louten iss a bedder one," continued Mr. Farbach, turning again to stare at his chickens, "Git owit."

"Git owit." repeated the other without passion, without anger, without any expression whatsoever. "Git owit." The reporter's prejudice against the German nation dated from that mement

There were others, here and there who were less self contained than the brewer. A farmhand struck a fellow laborer in the harvest field for speaking ill of Joe, and the unraveling of a strange street fight one day disclosed as its cause a like resentment on the part of a blind broommaker, engendered by a like offense. The broommaker's companion, reading the Tocsin as the two walked together, had begun the quarrel by remarking that fellows did it." Happy Fear ought to be hanged once for his own sake and twice more "to coming abruptly to a halt in the doorshow up that shyster Louden." Warm | way, and, turning, she discovered Marmaterial conflict, in which, in spite of flushed more with anger than with the much the best of it that he was re- remained there, nor did he offer any he had assumed toward the person of but demanded to know when the work deny it! I know what ye was like! dozen "Kuights of the Golden Circle." his adversary, which was an admirable upon the house had been begun. and the dragon, and conveyed to the turn," she answered record. To the astonishment of Ca- want to know quick." naan, there was nothing against him. a respectable, hardworking artisan and the workmen were making. a pride to the church in which he was what has been called an "active work- gun?" er." It was discovered that his sensitiveness to his companion's attack on Joseph Londen arose from the fact that ward her, "don't try to fool me! You imbecile sister of the blind man, a two- hired these workmen?" thirds witted woman who had been

charged with bigamy. of Cannan was one farther jot increased against the shyster. Aye, the town

was hot, inside and out. Let us consider the forum. Was there ever before such a summer for the National House corner? How voices first thundered there, then cracked and piped, is not to be rendered in all the tales of the fathers. One who would make vivid the great doings must indeed "dip his brush in earthquake and eclipse." Even then he could but picture the credible and must despair of this-the silence of Eskew Arp. Not that Eskew held his tongue, not that he was chary of speech-no! O tempora, O mores! No! But that he refused the subject in hand, that be eschewed expression up on it and resolutely drove the argument in other directions, that he achteved such superbly un-Arplike inconsistency, and with such rich material for his sardonic humors, not at arm's length, not even so far as his finger tips, but beneath his very palms, he rejected it. This was the impossible

Eskew-there is no option but to declare-was no longer Eskew. It is the truth. Since the morning when Ariel Tabor came down from Joe's office. leaving her offering of white roses in that dingy, dusty, shady place, Eskew had not been himself. His comrades observed it somewhat in a physical difference, one of those alterations which may come upon men of his years sudwas whiter, his walk slower, his voice he rose or sat. Old always from his boyhood, he had in the turn of a hand become aged. But such things come are ups and downs. People fading away one week bloom out pleasantly the next, and resiliency is not at all a patent belonging to youth alone. The material change in Mr. Arp might have been thought little worth remarking. What caused Peter Bradbury, Squire Buckalew and the colonel to shake their heads secretly to one another and wonder if their good old friend's mind

had not "begun to go" was something

Pike's vote," returned Mr. Shechan themselves. In this case if there is very different. To come straight down sharply, "though I don't say it's im- any miscarriage of justice I will say to it, he not only abstained from all here and now that in my opinion the argument upon the "Cory murder" and the case of Happy Fear, refusing to done to you and what he's tryin' to do tempted, and, while I do not believe in discuss either in any terms or under now worse than ever before. Well, lynch law, yet if that should be the any circumstances, but he also declined result it is my unalterable conviction to speak of Ariel Tabor or of Joseph that the vigliantes may well turn their | Louden or of their affairs, singular or attention to the lawyers or lawyer who plural, masculine, feminine or neuter, brings about such miscarriage. I am or in any declension. Not a word com-

mittal or noncommittal. None! And his face when he was silent fell into sorrowful and troubled lines.

The voices of the fathers fell to the pitch of ordinary discourse; the drowsy town was quiet again; the whine of the planting mill boring its way through the sizzling air to every wakening ear. Far same Louie Farbach, however, in out- away on a quiet street it sounded faint- made before. If you knew, why did ward circumstance, for he was now the ly, like the hum of a bee across a creek, brewer of Farbach beer and making and was drowned in the noise of men Canaan famous. His rise had been at work on the old Tabor house. It that day, the shade of the big beech man Orphan asylum and one-tenth to trees which surrounded it affording head dripping and his hands ruthlessly his party's campaign fund. The twen- tome shelter from the destroying sun tieth saved the orphans from the coun- to the dripping laborers who were saw- this straight question stripped him suding, hammering, painting, plumbing, papering and ripping open old and new He occupied a kitchen chair, enjoy- packing boxes. There were many ing the society of some chickens in a changes in the old house-pleasantly in wired inclosure behind the new Italian | keeping with its simple character-airy villa he had erected in that part of enlargements new almost completed so Canaan where he would be most un- that some of the rooms were already comfortable, and he looked woodenly finished and stood, furnished and im-

In that which had been Roger Ta bor's studie sat Ariel, alone. She had caused some chests and cases stored there to be opened and had taken out of them a few of Roger's cauvasses and set them plong the wall. Tears filled



'I want to know," he pursued, "why it was kept secret from me.'

her eyes as she looked at them, seeing the tragedy of labor the old man had expended upon them, but she felt the recompense. Hard, tight, literal as they were, he had had his moment of joy in each of them before he saw them coldly and knew the truth. And he had been given his years of Paris at last and had seen "how the other

A heavy foot strode through the hall, words followed, leading to extremely tin Pike, his big Henry VIII. \*face his blindness, the broommaker had so heat. His hat was upon his head and moved from the triumphant attitude token or word of greeting whatever,

jail. Keenest investigation failed to "I want to know," he pursued, "why reveal anything oblique in the man's it was kept secret from me, and I "Secret?" she echoed, with a wave of

He was blind and moderately poor, but her hand to indicate the noise which "Upon whose authority was it be

"Mine. Who else could give it?" "Look here," he said, advancing to-

Joe had obtained the acquittal of an haven't done all this by yourself. Who Remembering her first interview with

him, she rose quickly before he could The Tocsin made what it could of come near her. "Mr. Louden made this, and so dexterously that the wrath | most of the arrangements for me," she replied quietly. "before he went away. He will take charge of everything when he returns. You haven't forgotten that I told you I intended to place my affairs in his hands?"

He had started forward, but at this he stopped and stared at her inarticulately.

"You remember?" she said, her hands resting negligently upon the back of the chair. "Surely you remember?" She was not in the least afraid of him, but coolly watchful of him. This had been her habit with him since her return. She had seen little of him except at table, when he was usually grimly laconic, though now and then she would hear him joking heavily with Sam Warden in the yard, or, with XXXii!, "And there we saw the glants evidently humorous intent, groaning at | the sons of Anak, which come of the Mamie over Eugene's health; but it giants." had not escaped Ariel that he was on his part watchful of herself and upon

his guard. He did not answer her question, and measure of control, and a vain effort Long Island, George Washington need

it proved. "You go back to my house!" he burst

"No," she said, moving between him and the door. "Mamie and I are going for a drive."

"You go back to my house!" He fol-"Don't you come around here trying to run over me! You talk about your 'affairs!' All you've got on earth is this two for a nickel old shack over your head and a bushel basket of distillery stock that you can sell by the pound for old paper!" He threw the words in her face, the bull bass voice seamed and cracked with falsetto. "Old paper, old rags, old iron, bottles, old clothes! You talk about your affairs! Who are you? Rothschild? You haven't

got any affairs!" Not a look, not a word, not a motion of his escaped her in all the fury of sound and gesture in which he seemed fairly to envelop himself. Least of all did that shaking of his-the quivering of jaw and temple, the tumultuous agi-

"When did you find this out?" she said very quickly. "After you became

administrator?" He struck the back of the chair she had vacated a vicious blow with his open hand. "No, you spendthrift! All there was to your grandfather when you buried him was a basketful of distillery stock, I tell you! Old paper! Can't you hear me? Old paper, old raga"-

"You have sent me the same in come," she lifted her voice to interrupt, "You have made the same quarterly payments since his death that you you do that?"

He had been shouting at her with the frantic and incredulous exasperation of seemed the only busy place in Canaan an intolerant man utterly unused to opposition, his face empurpled, his fore pounding the back of the chair, but dealy of gesture and left him standing timp and still before her, pale splotche beginning to show on his hot cheeks.

"If you knew, why did you do it?" she repeated. "You wrote me that my income was from dividends, and I knew and thought nothing about it, but If the stock which came to me was worthless how could it pay dividends? "It did not," he answered huskily "That distillery stock, I tell you, Isn't worth the matches to burn it."

"But there has been no differenin my income," she persisted steadily Why? Can you explain that to me? "Yes: I can," he replied. And I seemed to her that he spoke with a pallid and bitter desperation. Ilke t man driven to the wall. "I can if you think you want to know."

"I do." "I sent it."

"Do you mean from your own"-

"I mean It was my own money." She had not taken her eyes from his which met bers straightly and angrily and at this she leaned forward, gazing at him with profound scrutiny.

"Why did you send it?" she naked. ble healtatlen

Her eyes widened, and she leaned back against the lintel of the door, town. Then these men are not only be is to be a true thristian, must be a staring at him incredulously. "Charity!" she echoed in a whisper.

Perhaps he mistook her amazement at his performance for dismay caused ing together. Gh, why did we come? Here was mother feel to which the by the sense of her own position, for as she seemed to weaken before him the strength of his own habit of dominance came back to bim. "Charity, madam!" he broke out, shouting intolerably. "Charity, d'ye hear? I was s friend of the man that made the money you and your grandfather squandered: I was a friend of Jonas Tabor, I say That's why I was willing to support you for a year and over rather than let a niece of his suffer."

"'Suffer!" she cried, "'Support! You sent me a hundred thousand francs!"

The white splotches which had mot tled Martin Pike's face disappeared as of giants." if they had been suddenly splashed with hot red. "You go back to my house," he said. "What I sent you only shows the extent of my" --

"Effrontery!" The word rang through did she strike it-rang in his ones till inous, portentous of justice and of disaster. There was more than doubt of

He fell back from this word ner before he came out of the gar ind as he passed his own home on b way downtown he saw her widte dres mingling with his daughter's near the torse block beside the firs, where th two, with their arms about each other stood writing for Sun Warden and the open summer carriage.

Judge Pike walked on the whit splotches reappearing like a pale rusi upon his face. A yellaw butterfly zig ragged before him, truce bigh, neros he sidewall: The miles his foot an tiniff Li

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Calmage Sermon

By Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D. D.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 5,-That life sin, but that he who seeks divine help is assured of victory, is the lesson of this sermon. The text is Numbers 13. The most dangerous and yet one of

the most important duties assigned to a soldier in time of war is that of a spy. No soldier but the bravest and it seemed to her as she continued the most intelligent is ever selected by he can hit the smallest mark with the steadily to meet his hot eyes that he a commanding general for this dangerwas trying to hold himself under some ous mission. After the retreat from ed information in reference to the num bers and the geographical position of out, shouting hoarsely. "You get back the enemy. So he selected the brilliant there! You stay there!" Nathan Hale to penetrate the British lines and scan the fortifications of Sir William Howe. We all know the trag ic end of that journey. Nathan Hale died uttering the words, "I only regrelowed her, waving an arm fiercely at that I have but one life to lose for my country." But in the sacrifice of that one life he bequeathed to the Ameri can people the legacy of an examp! of heroism and faithfulness which i a perpetual inspiration for every gen eration since his day and which will be a perpetual inspiration to all un born Americans to the end of time. When the traitor Benedict Arnold

was about to betray his trust and surrender West Point into the hands of the enemy, Sir Henry Clinton, the Brit ish commander, had to send a spy int the Gibraltar of America's fortifica tions. So be selected the Nathan Halof his army, Major Andre. This officer without doubt one of the mor promising young soldiers of King George's army He entered the Amer

nold. As a spy he was captured Tarrytown and banged by the no until he was dead, as was the brill; young American soldier Nathau Lin I am using those two noted historica Hlustrations to show the risk that a sp runs in order that his general may learn the position and the strength o the enemy. I am also using them to prove that only the ablest and the bray est and the best soldiers of an army are ever detailed by the commanding officers to perform the duty of a spy. A spy once caught in the enemy's lines martial can be summoned.

Spies For Moses.

like Asron, but he had the eloquence of action. He was one of the wisest leaders of men who ever lived. With marvelous executive skill he led the chilman empire. He was like Xerxes with land of the Gauls. Moses knew not save him by putting him upon his what was ahead. Therefore as a wise guard. general and leader of men he selected his spics and sent them forward to find out what kind of people lived in ported other mants in the hand besides Cannon. He wanted to find out what the sons of Anna. Tiels showed the were the forthications of his enemies, Wisdom. The other giants might no what was their military discipline and be so formidable in appearance as the the easiest way for the Israelites to at- | Anaklus, but they mucht be tack them. He did just what General powerful an enemy through bei James Wolfe did when about to at- for equipped and named. Some of these tack Quebec. He sent forward life sples savene glants might fight with swon to learn the way up the heights of and spear, some with a hand not, so Abraham, Then when the British com- with snares and stratagem, so mander knew the way he consummed pulsoned arrows, some by the troops to advance to the onelaught, and cold. So in our fight

hear about their foes when these sples tat on of life, that does not prove the came back with their reports? "Why," be can resist all temptations. You ar said most of these spies, "we can nev- not a drankard, but that does not provor capture those lands. The inhabit, you may not be overshown ants are a race of giants. A little five gland of sensorilly, or by the year-old child has just us much show avarior, or by the giant of jes of whipping his father as we have of by the abut of the cyll tongs "Charity," he answered after palpa- slaying those men. Those ginuts are old lenendary many we onealso intrenched in impregnable for the boy called Jack the Glant Killer treases. Each city is a huge walled New, every man, woman and child, if

giants, but their numbers are as multi- maint killer. We all have some especial tudinous as the sands of the sea. There giant to fight, and every giant attacks are many nations there and all works his victims in a different way. Oh, why did we leave our homes in sples called Meson's tention. These Egypt?' Thus did most of the sples giants were introduced. They said report who went into the promised "The cities are walled and your great." land. Yet forty years afterward the They were not a lot of harm sons of these men overcame the glants fribes. Twh r in tend and and their strongholds, as they them- about it - place to place in search selves might have done if they had rich paste a lands. They were given put faith in God. So some timid dis- who were rich in gold and silver an attacking the forces of sin in their in- their increasing wealth they weakness instead of the omnipotence imprognable. They could not be had

They Were Not Pygmles. In the first place, these Hebrew spies saw men of tremendous physical proportions. The inhabitants of the promised land were not pyunites, such as They were the sons of Anak. They loomed up before the Hebrew spies like some of the Kentucky men who are six or seven feet in height. They were like the Golfath whom David, the shepherd boy, fought. They were forwhen he again advanced Ariel had left midable human monsters of bone and the house. She had turned the next sinew and muscle. They were men of mighty physical properti

wrong for these Hebrew spies to take a true measurement of the physical proportions of these giants? I do not. If I had been one of those spies 1 would have said to Moses and the people waiting for my report, as I would say now to the Christian young man going into the temptations of the world: "You are going to have glants the smoothest and roundest stones from the brook and unless he had practiced at a target week in and week out until accuracy of a William Tell shooting the

apple off the head of his son. No False Reports. Moses did not want his spies to bring back a false report of the giants dwelling in the land of Canasa any more than God wants a mother and a father to belittle the temptations and the struggles which are ahead of their children in the battle of life. And one reason why so many children go morally and spiritually astray is because their own parents do not take those children lovingly and tenderly aside and tell them how powerful are the temptations that may come to them and the necessity of those children throwing themselves upon the divine power in order to resist those tempta-

Let me see. Your boy is about fifteen years old, is he not? He is just verging on young manhood. He has grown up under your protecting love and care. You have taught him the Bible. You have sent him to Sunday school. You have surrounded him with noble, uplifting influences. You have been so careful of him that you would not ailow blm to stay away from your home

at night. But tell me, what have you taught your boy about the secret sins of life? What have you told him about immoral acts and thoughts? "Oh, no? you answer. "I never told my sor about the cylis of this world, because I dld not want him even to think of evil He is an innocent as a little child. Lie is too young yet to know." Is he too young? The enemy does not think so. Why, last week one of his classmates showed him a vile picture and teld him what it meant. You may he is inno cent? Yes, but do you not know that his very innocence may be the occais always executed as soon as a court sion of his moral overthrow? Do you now know, O mother, that many an innocent young girl has been led astray through her mother's neglect to Moses may not have been an orator warn her of the snares that may be laid for her feet? Those young girls did not intend to do wrong, thought they were triffing with a pyg dren of Israel out from the Egyptian my, and they suddenly awake to End enslavement. He led them through the out they were in the grasp of a mighty Red sen. Now he was face to face giant. If fathers and mothers should with his intrenched foes. The prom- not warn their children against the na leed land was before him. Moses was ture and power of temptation, who like Hannibal about to invade the Ro. should? Yes, yes, the spice were rigis when they reported to Moses that the his reillion followers about to cross the Israelites had to fight giants. When Hellespont or the strait of Dardanelles, we warn a friend against Cangers we He was like Julius Caesar invading the de not dentroy the friend, but we may

Agala, I notice that three spice ce Now, what did the children of Israel man is able to resist one glumble tem

ciples of Christ in our day shrink from precious stones. In order to protect trenchments. They think of their own large walls. These walls were almost of God, who will fight for them. Our tered down. They were too high to be fault is that of these ancient Hebrews, | scaled. If the cities within these walls Instead of guing boldly to the fight we were ever captured it must be by strathold back and whimper, "We saw the agen. The cities of Jericlio, Al. Heshgiants, the sons of Anak, which come | bon and Jahaz were the Gibraltars of those days. If the inhabitants were on their guard and had enough food and water to resist a long siege they were ofe from empture.

No man unless he has traveled in the east and has seen the width and the whole house, so loudly and clearly Stanley found in the heart of Africa. | the height of those walls encompassing the ancient cities has any adequate conception of their enormous strength. When Cyrus the Great, with his conquering host, came to the Babylonian walls in 530 B. C., the ponderous gares of brass were slammed shut in his face, and he was absolutely helpless, Day after day, week after week, month after month, the sleep went on. gind of giants are inhabiting the Ju was no nearer the comprest of Beldaean bills today. When the tourist shazzur's empital at the end of twelve travels through the Holy Lund and months than he was in the beginning sees a long line of Bedoums riding past. The Persian general could have scatupon their beautifully exparisoned Ara bian thoroughbreds, they loom up so before the wind if he only could have big that it seems as though they could reached them. But Beishazzar and his take you up as a child and with their soldiers simply laughed at and mocked mighty arms crush you as easily as a him because the Babylonian walls huge boa constrictor could strangle a were between them and the besieging little fawn. There are living today in army. Had not Belshuzzar and his Palestine among the Bedouin tribes army got drunk one night while celemen just as great and strong as was brating the king's birthday and allowthe Phillstine adversary whom David ed the lower gates under the liver to beard taunting and defying Saul's are be left open, and had not Cyrus that night diverted the over Euphrates Do you, as wise men, think it was from its channel and marched through the dry bel into that city during the wassall, the Persian general might nev or have been able to capture it. Cyrus might be able to take Babylon by stratagem, but never by baftering town or scaling Babylon's impregnable walls.

When Agamemnon ended his long to fight in this world. You are ten years' slege of old Troy, he was not going to fight a lot of pygmies. just as helpless at the end of the slege You must develop your brain. You as in the first month. Those walls, the must develop the strength of your impregnable Trojan walls, were still arm. You must clean your weapons between him and his prize. Did Agais a battle with the gigantic forces of and put them in the finest trim. No memuon after ten years' experience man is ever able to successfully tel- uselessly continue to batter his head umph over the mighty giants of life against those impregnable stones? No unless he fully draws upon all his re- He resorted to strategy. He constructsources of body, mind and soul." He ed a wooden horse and illied it with would be a foolbardy David who went soldiers. Then he pretended that the forth to battle against a Golfath who siege was raised and that he was was a son of Anak unless his sling was about to sail away to his own land. In perfect condition, unless he chore But no sooner was the huge horse drawn into the city by the Trojans and the night had fallen than the soldiers leaped out from the wooden biding place and, rushing to the gates, fluver them open. There the invading army was waiting. Agamemnon rushed in and captured the deemed city. Walled in Troy had resisted direct attack, but it was captured by stratagem. Thus those Hebrew spies looked upon the towering walls of Jericho and Ai and Heshbon and Jahez. They said: "Moses, the walls are too high. They are too thick and too strong to be overthrown.

Thus timid Christians look at the mighty intrenched walls of sin. "Why," say some men, "what is the use of attacking the saloon? It is a giant that is intrenched behind the walls of politics. You can never dislodge him. You cannot find a people or a nation on the face of the earth that does not crave and use stimulants. There is an unconquerable desire gnawing at people's palates which must be satisfied. On account of this almost universal craving the saloons today own the ballot box. They own our city and state and national governments. The churches are helpless." "What is the use of attacking the giant avariee?" says an-

other. "The men the chards mem-(Continued on 18th age,)